

FREMONT JOURNAL:
JOHN MASTIN, Publisher, & Proprietor.

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Feb. 24, 1854.

FREMONT JOURNAL.

No Sacrifice of Principles.

VOLUME II.

FREMONT, SANDUSKY COUNTY, APRIL 21, 1854.

NUMBER 13.

Poetry.

THE LILY'S DEJECTION.

A cold, calm star looked out of Heaven,
And smiled upon a tranquil lake,
Where, pure as angels' dream, at even,
A lily lay but half awake.

The flower felt that fatal smile,
And lowly bowed her conscious head;
"Why does he gaze on me so while?"
This thought, it kindled in her head.

Poor, dreaming flower! too soon beguiled,
She cast her thought, no look she where,
Else she had seen the star that smiled,
To find himself reflected there. [r. a. o.]

Miscellaneous.

Our Rich Young Men—An Evil to be Reformed.

Special efforts are in progress for rescuing the children of the poor from ignorance and vice, and for rendering them worthy and useful members of Society. Similar efforts we apprehend, would not be out of place to convert the sons of the rich into respectable, useful, and honored citizens. For we verily believe that a more useless and unpromising class of young persons cannot be found among us, than the sons of our wealthy men. Every one who has taken the trouble to reflect upon the matter, must expect to feel of profound dissatisfaction at the manner in which our New York young men are brought up. Every American who feels within him the conviction of the glorious future for which his country is destined, must sorrow over the waste of that youthful material, whose task it would be to perfect what we have begun. Our rising generation has a nature to inspire us with any thing but hope. We cannot expect great sinners or generals, or Masters of finance out of youths that have wrecked their constitutions on the pleasures of dissipation, and whose minds are familiar with the vices of maturity before their youths have been well knit, or their cheeks lost their down. We are not so fond of the young men themselves, for, as trained youth can scarce be expected to be studious or sober, but it is with the fathers; the wealthy men of our city who spend their lives in amassing great fortunes, while they neglect their domestic interests, and who will devote the energies of soul and body to elevating some particular stock, while they do not in the slightest degree trouble themselves as to whether the morals of their children are going up or down.

The training which a great proportion of our young men receive, yields little more than a few fruits. It leads them, or at least leaves them, to become spendthrifts, devotees of vice, and pests to society. Their fathers, with little personal attention, and taking no pains to secure for them a right discipline, go through the form of sending them to a fashionable city school, until they are twelve or thirteen, supplying them in even at that early age with plenty of money, without teaching them how to use it. At an incredibly early age they find their way to bar-rooms, and learn to smoke cigars, and drink brandy. At the mature age of fifteen they burst all bonds—if ever there were such things—and appear in mannish attire, show themselves at parties, and stay out late at night. About this time their fathers, thinking probably that their education is completed, place them in some business not difficult of performance, and requiring probably only punctual attendance of mornings. To do our young men all possible justice, they fulfill this portion of their worldly duty punctually enough. No matter how late he has been up the previous night, no matter what species of debauchery or riot he has been engaged in, the young man about town will always find his way, with aching head and trembling hand, to his office by a good business hour. And this is all that his father seems to require. He never asks how the night was spent, or in what company, or how came those bloated eyes and shaky hands. He knows that his son does not spend his evenings at his home, but he is too busy or too loath to ask how. Why should the boy spend his evenings and enjoy the fire-side at home?

What is there to charm him in that mansion that palaces with alternate fever and gloom? One night a hot, crowded party of rogues and silly men; the next a dull, dissolute array of empty chambers, with the tired master of the house snoring on a sofa, and his untiring lady and daughters upstairs dressing for another ball. No friends come to tempt the young man to his home. Everything is huge, and splendid, and dismal; and in self defence he has to fly. He has not been taught to love reading, and his frame has been too artificially reared to render him a willing gymnast. No, the billiard room for him, where he plays and drinks, and swears with precocious gibes when he makes an ill stroke. From the gambling house, where he devours a luxurious supper, drinks champagne gratis, and loses his 20, 50, or it may be, \$1,000, at faro. From thence to places even more unworthy of mention, where the multiplication of vice in a thousand costly mirrors is dwelt on as an attraction, and where the youth learns the degradation of manhood long before he has become a man.

All this is very sad—but it is very true. It is a faithful, but a feeble picture of the influences, the neglects of duty, the false training which are converting into adepts of vice, and useless—where they are not hurtful—members of society thousands and tens of thousands whose position and opportunities would designate them as shining lights, as pillars of the State, guides and selected rulers of the busy millions, the sure reliance and foremost champions of every good and noble cause.

SMART.—"Why, Mr. B.," said a tall youth, to a little person in company with half a dozen huge men, "I protest you are so small I did not see you before." "Very likely," replied the little gentleman, "I am like a sixpence among six copper pennies, not readily received, but worth the whole of them."

Reform Should Begin at Home.

"This is pleasant," exclaimed the young husband, taking his seat cozily in the rocking-chair as the things were removed. The fire glowing in the grate, revealed a pretty neatly furnished sitting-room, with all the appliances of comfort. The fatiguing business of the day was over, and he sat enjoying the delight of his own fireside. His pretty wife Esther took her work, and sat down by the table.

"It is pleasant to have a home of one's own," he again said, taking a satisfactory survey of his little quarters. The cold rain beat against the window, and he thought he felt really grateful for all his present comforts. "Now, if we only had a piano," exclaimed the wife.

"Give me the music of your own sweet voice before all the pianos in creation," he declared complacently, besides a certain secret disappointment that his wife's thankfulness did not happily chime with his own.

"Well, but we want one for our friends," said Esther.

"Let our friends come and see us, and not to hear a piano," exclaimed the husband.

"But, George, everybody has a piano now—a-days—we don't go anywhere without seeing a piano," persisted the wife.

"And yet I don't know what we want one for—you will have no time to play on one, and I don't want to hear it."

"Why, then, as so fashionable—I think your room looks nearly naked without one."

"I think it looks just right."

"I think it looks very naked—we want a piano somehow," protested Esther, emphatically.

The husband rocked violently.

"Your lamp smokes my dear," said he after a long pause.

"When are you going to get an aerial lamp? I have told you a dozen times how much we needed one," said Esther, peevishly.

"These are very pretty lamps—I never can see any air lamp," said her husband.

"These lamps are the prettiest of the kind I ever saw—they were bought in Boston."

"But, George, I do not think our room is complete without an aerial lamp," said Esther, smiling.

"They are so fashionable! Why, the Morgans and Millers, and many others I might mention, all have them; I am sure we ought to."

"We ought to, if we take pattern by other people's expenses, and I don't see any reason in that."

The husband moved uneasily in his chair.

"We want to live as well as others," said Esther.

"We want to live within our means, Esther," he exclaimed.

"I am sure we can afford it, as well as the Morgans and Millers, and Thors—do we not wish to appear mean?"

"George's cheek crimsoned.

"Mean! I am not mean!" he cried, angrily.

"Then we do not wish to appear so," said the wife.

"To complete this room, and make it look like other people's, we want a piano and an aerial lamp."

"We want what?" muttered the husband, "there's no satisfying women's wants do what you may," and he abruptly left the room.

How many husbands are in a similar dilemma? How many houses and husbands are rendered uncomfortable by the constant dissatisfaction of a wife, with present comforts and present provisions? How many bright prospects for business have ended in bankruptcy and ruin, in order to satisfy this secret hankering after fashionable necessities?

Could the real cause of many failures be known, it would be found to result from less expenditure at home—expenses to answer the demands of fashion and, "what will people think?"

"My wife has made my fortune," said a gentleman of great possessions, "by her thrift and prudence, and cheerfulness, when I was just beginning."

What a world does this open to the influence which a wife possesses over the future prosperity of her family! Let the wife know her influence and try to use it wisely and well.

Be satisfied to commence on a small scale. It is too common for young housekeepers to begin where their mothers ended. Buy all that is necessary to work skillfully with; adorn your house with all that will render it comfortable. Do not look at richer homes, and covet their costly furniture. If secret dissatisfaction is ready to spring up, go a step further and visit the homes of the poor suffering, behold dark, cheerless apartments, insufficient clothing, and absence of all the comforts and refinements of social life, and then return to your own with a joyful spirit. You will then be prepared to meet your husband with a grateful heart, and be ready to appreciate the toil and self-denial which he has endured in the business world to surround you with the delights of home; and you will be ready to co-operate cheerfully with him in so arranging your expenses, that his mind will not be constantly harassed with fear lest his family expenditures may encroach upon public payments. But independent of a young housekeeper never need greater moral courage than she does now to resist the arrogance of fashion. Do not let the A's and B's decide what you must have, neither let them hold the string of your purse. You know best what you can and ought to afford. It matters but little what people think, provided you are true to yourself and family.

SIZE OF THE WEST.—Illinois would make forty such states as Rhode Island, and Minnesota sixty. Missouri is larger than all New England. Ohio exceeds either Ireland, or Scotland or Portugal and equals Belgium, Scotland and Switzerland together. Missouri is more than half as large as Italy, and larger than Denmark, Holland, Belgium and Switzerland. Missouri and Illinois are larger than England, Scotland, Ireland and Wales.

The Big Giant and the Little Giant.

The following capital hit at the interview between the Emperor of Russia and Senator Douglas, which took place last summer in New York, from which it is translated—*Cin. Gaz.*

"It was a laudible custom among the legislators of antiquity to go abroad in quest of wisdom and experience. Thus acted Lycurgus and Solon, who brought back home the useful ideas collected from Foreign nations."

"Modeling himself after these great men for the supreme magistracy, Mr. Douglas resolved to imitate their example in traveling."

Ambitious of the gigantic, he did not for a moment think of making such little countries as England and France the subject of his studies. Only with his ruin, his paintings, his statues, interested him still less. If the Great ones had still reigned in the city of the seven hills, he might have condescended to ask them how they proceeded in annexing immense territories and extending slavery in the name of the Senate and the people. While reflecting on the Casars, Mr. Douglas did not lower his mind to Napoleon III., but elevated it to the Czar of Russia. "Behold! said he to himself, the legitimate heir of Augustus and Tiberius! His empire is the greatest in Europe, and the institutions which govern it, may be happily applied to the United States. At any rate, my visit to so powerful a monarch, cannot be without fruit."

Full of enthusiasm, he arrived at St. Petersburg. Nicholas was strongly prepossessed in his favor. The Democracy of this son of New England, transplanted to the West and the owner of a plantation and negroes on the Mississippi, had nothing shocking to the eyes of crowned despotism. It had nothing in common with the democracy of the Mammoth and Victor Hugo's—which leads to erect the Republic universal upon the ruins of all other oppressions. Reserved in its pretensions, it only claims for each State in the Union, its individual sovereignty—which consists in the exercise, for example, by South Carolina, of the right of imprisoning foreign sailors of African blood—or by Illinois, for the same reason, the right to sell colored travelers, who may be detained by sickness or accident more than ten days upon its soil.

This was the substance of dispatches, dated Washington, and signed *Douglas*.

"A democracy seasoned with slavery, (exclaimed Nicholas)—a democracy phrases me, delights me, enchants me! Long live the individual sovereignty of the States—Long live Mr. Douglas, the Prophet of the doctrine!—This illustrious American, and I can cordially shake hands—for at bottom we think alike. Do we not, Nesses-roads?"

"There is no doubt of it, in the world, Sir," replied the Minister for Foreign Affairs.

The reception which the Czar gave the Illinois Senator, excited the jealousy of the nobles. He embroiled him in a quarrel with the Emperor, and put an end to the Emperor's order, and put an end to the Emperor's order, and put an end to the Emperor's order.

Mr. Douglas lost no time in setting about studying the institutions of Russia. That which very soon attracted his exclusive admiration was the *serfage*.

"Sir, (said he, in one of his numerous conversations, my country should feel humiliated in comparison with your great empire. You have thirty millions of serfs, and we cannot get more than three millions of slaves."

"Ah, (replied the Czar)—giving compliment for compliment, slavery with you will very soon have a greater extension than *serfage* in Russia."

"Yes, Sir, if the Missouri Compromise were repealed."

"But! why not repeal it, then?"

"That depends on the Senate, and the people."

The Senate! The people! Fright! Men, like you don't they do what they please?"

The Little Giant flattered to the bottom of his soul, inclined him respectfully before the Great Giant.

"It is necessary, my dear Douglas, (continued the monarch) cost what it may, it is necessary to maintain, to extend, to strengthen what you so well term your patriarchal institution. That alone can insure the security of our thrones—without that, the example of your Republic would become irresistible. The Revolutionists, finding nothing in it to condemn, would extol it to the skies. No—Uncle Tom could contradict their eulogiums."

The people around, convinced, fascinated, would break our scepter's like twigs. Nothing could resist them. The Republic Universal would be inevitable. Strive to prevent this result."

"Sir, (replied Douglas), you may count on me."

"I do count on you, my dear Senator."

That confidence has not been deceived, as is proved by the Nebraska bill.

Behold a trip to Russia bears its fruits?"

The above is something more than a fancy sketch; it has many elements of truth.

A Brave Man.

Many thrilling incidents occurred at the burning of the ill-fated steamer *Caroline*, an account of which we gave some time since. One act of deliberate courage is worthy of remembrance. The pilot, Mr. Tince, was seen at the wheel a moment before the pilot-house was enveloped in flames. He sank down through the cabin, with the hissing sheets of flame for his shroud. Still, it is consoling to reflect that, though he lost his life in the act, he saved a hundred others by steering the boat ashore. He died, as only the brave can die, like a man, and at his post.

Another incident connected with the same calamity, deserves a record. A father attempted to save his two children by swimming with them both in his arms. He succeeded in reaching near the shore, when his strength so failed him, that he was compelled to release them in order to save himself by swimming to a willow tree, where he rested and saw them sink the second time. He leaped in and brought them to the top of the water, and reached the shore, but alas! they were dead. Placing the two to the fork, he climbed above them, and there sat with dripping clothes, weeping over his dead children, until the *Naomi* came along and sent out her yawl to his relief.

From the New York Times.

Utah News and Col. Fremont.

From polygamous Utah, our dates are forty days later. The many-wives had a meeting on the last day of January, and expressed their lives very favorably to the immediate construction of a Pacific Railroad. Col. Babbitt was dispatched on the 21 of February to bear their resolutions to Washington. The immigration to the Salt Lake country during the year has been not less than 10,000. A paper mill has been established in Great Salt Lake City. The state debt is \$12,431—the amount of tax still due \$16,986. We never turn to the Utah news without expecting something rich—either in Brigham Young's sermons or the Legislative enactments. We are not disappointed this time. The Legislature, to procure a supply of fuel for the Senate, offered a reward of \$1,000 to any resident who will discover a good coal mine not less than a foot and a half thick, and within forty miles of the capital. This is a novel way of raising the supply of fuel at least. The same body has enacted that all questions of law shall be decided by the court; that no laws shall be cited during a trial except United States and Utah laws, and that no decision or so forth, at any trial, shall be held as precedent on any other trial. They have adopted a new alphabet having 33 letters in it, which are intended to represent as many sounds. It will be used in the schools as soon as they can get type for it, though it is not intended to abolish immediately our venerable old alphabet. The clergy tell some hard stories. One of them speaking of California, says: "A saint of God may put all the advantages of climate, timber, soil, trade and money together in the world, and he could not live under that Government." One tells about laying his hands on a child so sick that they thought it dead, and it healed again, and was playing in the streets the next day. One (an elderly) writing from Bombay, says that he, by a prayer, changed a terrible storm at sea into a great calm; and then cured cholera, blindness and palsy by laying hands on the patients; and several of them tell stories that are not equalled elsewhere than in Brigham in as good spirits as ever, talk very plainly to the saints for their lukewarmness about bringing in their titles, and suggest that the last revelation he has had for them, was a command that the lazy fellows who go scouring over the country hunting and loading, should bring in their horses and some 500 yoke of oxen, to the treasury of the temple.

We said that Col. Babbitt had started for the east. He had been out but a week, when suddenly he came upon the exploring expedition of Col. Fremont. Our readers will remember Col. Benton's sanguine prediction—he was hardly willing to call them prophets, but rather announcements of facts already settled; that his route would prove equally feasible for winter as summer travel. But the fearless explorer had lost seven of his men by starvation and exposure. When Babbitt came up he found them subsisting on a dog and a single pint of flour. One had dropped dead from his horse that night—poor fellow, riding to the last minute. They had just waded out of snow six feet deep, and were in a foot of snow when overtaken. The whole party numbered fifteen—eight of them Indians. Thinking to find game plenty, they had taken but little flour; but game had been very scarce, and they had been compelled to eat eighteen of their mules. Fremont was not disposed to give up however. He took so much provisions as Col. Babbitt had to spare, and in spite of the snow and other obstacles which he presumed to lie ahead of him, held on his course. Col. Babbitt brings letters from him to Col. Benton, and memoranda from the last journey.

"OLD FOLKS AT HOME."—An "old joker" gives the following whimsical amusing account of an adventure of his in "Rock State." Unless he exaggerates, there must be a place out there where the "king of terrors" has for a long time failed to enter and take toll. Had our informant been a trifle more explicit, and gave the precise locality of the occurrence he described, no doubt a swollen tide of emigration would at once have been directed, made up of such as, "through fear of death, are all their life time subject to bondage."

The oldest man, apparently, ever I saw in all my life, was sitting on a wooden pile, an old man house, crying bitterly. I called up and inquired of him the cause of his trouble. And what do you think was the unexpected reply!

"Heir whipped me."

"Half doubting the infirm gray-beard's sanity—for it seemed impossible that one so aged should have a living parent—I asked—

"Who is your father?"

"In the house," he answered amid his tears and sobs.

Curiosity led me into the house, and there I saw—Methusalem, as I verily believed—

"Sir," said I, "is this your son at the door crying?"

"Yes," replied the ancient gruffly.

"And pray, what did you whip him for?"

"Why, the good-for-nothing blockhead threw a club at his grandfather!"

I left amazed. But if ever I got that way again I am determined to see the grandfather.

A WORD TO LITTLE BOYS.—Who is respected? It is the boy who conducts himself well, who is honest, diligent, and obedient in all things. It is the boy who is making an effort continually to respect his father, and obey him in whatever he may direct to be done. It is the boy who is kind to other little boys, who respects age, and who never gets into difficulties and quarrels with his companions. It is the boy who leaves no effort untried to improve himself in knowledge and wisdom every day; who is busy and active in endeavoring to do good acts toward others. Remember this, little boys, and you'll grow up and become useful men.—*Friend of Virtue.*

NAPOLEON III. has contracted for ten millions of bullets, to be delivered by the 1st of April. This looks as if the Emperor expects a general war.

From the Michigan Farmer.

A First rate Method of Growing the Potato.

Here is a cheap and improved method of cultivating the potato which will insure a prolific and healthy product in a good soil. The following directions are carefully observed. Plough your ground seven or eight inches deep a few days before you wish to plant your potatoes, drag it well with the harrow, then strike it off with furrows 3 feet between center, five inches deep; cross these furrows with any implement suited to make a mark so as to trace it for dropping the seed crosswise the furrow. Let these marks be 24 feet apart. You then have your ground laid off in rows each way. Being then prepared for the seed, should you wish large potatoes with few small ones, plant in each place not more than half a large potato; if middle sized, one whole; if very small two; but if you wish an abundant crop without regard to size, use more seed, when you will have an aggregate of greater weight. Your ground being prepared and your seed ready for covering, over light, say a little heavier than you would cover and when the germs are near piercing the surface take your plow and turn a ridge over the plant, letting your plow in as deep as the first ploughing. Be sure to close the furrows over the plant, and should any defect appear, mend it with the hoe.

Now let it lie until the stock rises above the surface 4 or 5 inches, then take a shovel and cross the ridge, and let it lie in as deep as the first if that can be done without covering the plant.

Nothing more is required only to take your hoe and round the hills, as you will find them square in that condition, and except the ground be uncommonly foul you will have no more to do unless it be to pull some weeds in the latter part of the season. J. B.

Portage, Mich. Co. Feb. 1854.

The Safest Seat in the Cars.

The frequency of collision on railroads has raised the question, Which is the place of greatest security in a railroad train? The *Railroad Journal* gives the following as an answer: It is a very well known fact that the engine is exposed to the least danger, and the rear train of a car is generally safer than the front car. The safest is probably the last car but one in a train of more than two cars—that is, there are fewer chances of accident to this than any other.

If it is in a way train at moderate speed or any train standing still, a collision is possible from another train in the rear; in which case the last car receives the first shock.

Again, the engine and the front cars of a train will often encounter a broken rail, or a cow or a stone, without derailing, while the last car, having nothing to draw in the line of the train is free to leave the track. Next to the forward car, the rear car is probably the most unsafe in the train. The safest seat is probably near the centre of the last car but one, and in a very long train, in the centres of the last two or three cars next to the last.

Love—What is it?

A young poetess has recently asked what love is, and brings all the artillery of heaven and earth to